



Nobody was near HOUNDS IN THE BIG WOOD WHEN THEY PULLED DOWN THE CUD EXCEPT MR. TINKLER AND HIS INAMORATA. HE RASHLY VOLUNTEERS TO SECURE THE BRUSH FOR HER!

"MORE HONOURED IN THE BREACH."

At the close of the *première* of Mr. ARTHUR JONES's successful play, Mr. WYNDHAM, speechifying before the curtain, "declared," in response to calls for the author, "that he had failed to induce Mr. JONES to leave his modest retirement." Bravo, HENRY AUTHOR JONES! Never on any account be cajoled into appearing before the curtain, whether to satisfy the friendly curiosity of the approvers, or the spite of those "whose opinion is to the contrary." Stay in your modest retirement, and do not be attached to the wheels of any manager's triumphal chariot, be he whom he may. The Dramatist should remain the *Deus in machinâ*, invisible; and so should the composer, unless he happens also to be the conductor of his own work. Is the successful novelist on view from ten to four at his publishers, where all his admirers can present themselves and call him out on the landing, or into the shop, or on to the counter? Are the successful artists in rooms at Burlington House awaiting to be summoned, individually, into one of the galleries in order to

receive the applause (which might not be unmingled with some expression of dissent) from their admirers? No: Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES did well and wisely in not coming forward and making himself "a spectacle for gods (in the gallery) and men." We trust he will stick to his principles, and sincerely hope that his self-denying example will be followed by other successful dramatists.

"IS THIS A DAGGER THAT I SEE BEFORE ME?"—The *Daily News*, in assisting electors generally to know who was who and to put 'em up to what's what, prefixed "asterisks" to the names of re-elected Old Parliamentary Hands, and placed "a dagger (!)" to the names of members of the expiring Parliament who have left their old loves in order to be on, if possible, with their new. How deadly! Suggestive of secret societies, assassinations, or suicides. When the full return is before the public we shall know how "The Dagger of the D. N." (capital title for sensational story!) has been used. Till then we tremble!

SNAPSHOTS AT THE EXPOSITION.

HAVE held out against the World's Show all through the spring and summer from patriotic motives but go we must; and here we are, camera in hand.

I.—After *déjeuner* feel we had better *battre le pavé* (French joke) by making at once for the rolling platform. This is a never-ending joy to the Parisians, and the twenty-two thousand mayors who swarm all over the place. It is an exceeding delight to see people get on to the *grande vitesse* (eight kilometres an hour) with their backs to the direction of movement, and abruptly sit down on *terra infirma*. It adds a new terra to their existence, and three negatives to my kodak.

II.—Make for the Transvaal section. Here are enthusiastic *pro-Boëres* signing a couple of registers, and tumbling over one another to do so, while the attendant shouts out without stopping "*Tout le monde signe!*" On closer examination, find it is a birthday address to the two "Presidents" (whose birthdays fall in October) expressing somewhat belated wishes for the success of the sublime (*sic*) work which they have undertaken, and unshakable conviction that they occupy the highest rank in the history of civilisation (*sic*), and that their cause will be finally successful. Prominent feature in the building is a highly idealised bust of Mr. KRUGER, with palm-branches of victory resting on his shoulders, and any number of visiting cards and poetic effusions pinned on to the evergreens surrounding him. All round the walls are scribbled, "*Chamberlain est une vache*," "*Mort aux Anglais*," and similar compliments.

III.—To the Boer farmhouse behind. It's interior bears ironical testimony to the above-mentioned "civilisation," which seems to have escaped the notice of the memorialisers. Other negatives not as yet developed.



Hostess. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR GAME PIE, MR. BRIGSON? WE RATHER PRIDE OURSELVES ON IT, YOU KNOW."
 Brigson (nervously anxious to please). "OH, THANK YOU, IT'S VERY NICE INDEED, WHAT THERE IS OF IT. WHAT I MEAN TO SAY IS, THERE'S PLENTY OF IT—SUCH AS IT IS!"
 [Awful pause.]

THE PRICE OF PEACE; OR, A PIECE FOR EVERY PRICE.

"VIVE Henri Quatre! Long live our gallant King!" So sang the chorus in some old opera, and so, adaptively, sing we. "Vive HENRY NEVILLE! Long live our gallant actor!" who, on the great stage of Drury Lane, appearing as the *Earl of Derwent*, M.P., the principal and, indeed, the only rôle worth mentioning out of some thirty somebodies and forty nobodies, carries the audience with him whatever he may say or do, and assures the success of Mr. CECIL RALFIGH's new drama *The Price of Peace*. Not but what there are many other contributions, in a minor degree to the success of this the latest production of the resourceful manager, ARTHUR COLLINS. How could the audience be led swiftly from grave to gay, from lively to severe, without the orchestral intimations given them, d'avance, as to the state of mind in which they are to place themselves so as to receive tragedy, comedy, or farce in the spirit in which it is about to be presented? How plaintively does Mr. J. M. GLOVER, musical director and orchestral composer, treat the sufferings of the dying invalid in the "Accident Ward of St. Thomas's Hospital!" Here are cleverly given, musically, all possible "accidentals" for such a scene. After this painful exposition of writhing mortality, begone dull care and, to a kind of Jolly-Young-Waterman air, let us adjourn to the terrace of the House of Commons, where ladies and legislators are taking tea.

And what chances has not his collaborateur, the author, given the musician, who is Hand-and-Glover with the dramatist! There's a religiously sentimental "motive" ("motive" is the word, of course) in the Convent of Light Blue-and-White Ladies; then, as an ecclesiastical variety, there's a Christianised Hymeneal, or Hymn-eneal, procession of surpliced, red-cotta'd choir with certain of the superior clergy belonging to the Abbey

of Westminster, not to mention an extract from the marriage service, adapted to the occasion and "spoken through music" of a most mysterioso-religioso character, while bridesmaids and congregation devoutly kneel according to the rubric in the "P. B.," which in this instance stands for "Prompt Book" and not for "Prayer Book." And then the awful shock! "Will you have this man?" "I won't!" Bang goes everything! We're all in a whirl! "First she would, then she wouldn't," now *she won't*. Aha! The good young man, the bridegroom, Mr. COOPER CLIFFE, in wedding "trouserings" brand new, is thunderstruck; the villain, like *Mephistopheles* in the Cathedral, works his eyebrows and moustache sardonically, waving his hat surreptitiously but triumphantly ("Aha! she is mine!" *sotto voce*), and . . . "What ho! she bumps!" . . . in a fainting fit . . . on floor of Abbey . . . what's the odds as long as it's Abbey! . . . Curtain.

Then, while yet the audience, dismayed, are eyeing one another, not knowing what such dire events may portend, Mr. JAMES GLOVER is in his seat again; he won't let 'em be dull, not he! He'll give 'em something to think about! So, with the liveliest music, composed in his most frolicsome-as-a-kid-Glover humour, occasionally lightened up with a dulcimer or zittern, he bids us, for ten minutes at least, forget the sorrows of the past scene in the buoyancy of the sparkling air. He has appropriate "melos" for everything and everybody, illustrating the Wagnerian dramatic theory down to a demi-demi-semiquaver. "Glover!" Why, he is Tailor, Bootmaker, Hosier, in fact, general Outfitter in a musical way, with suits for everybody.

Then for the scenes! Here are the names so well-known at Old Drury of EMDEN, PERKINS, BRUCE SMITH, JULIAN HICKS, MCCLERY, and CANEY. Mr. EMDEN's Westminster Abbey (interior) is most effective. Mr. BRUCE SMITH's House of Commons

(interior) most daring but least effective, and the same artist's cleverly arranged scene, showing deck and cabin "on board the steam-yacht *Marigold*," most realistic. Mr. CANEY'S "Conservatory, at Lord Derwent's House," during a reception given by that eminent Conservative minister, is a brilliantly arranged and cleverly painted set.

As to the acting, all are good. Of course a small character part like that of *Count Ostadine*, who appears late and is shot early, stands out from all the others and is carefully played by M. EUGENE MAYEUR. I regret having missed the name of the clever young actress who plays the Mysterious Orphan. Miss LETTICE FAIRFAX is nice as *Lady Kathleen*; not much of a heroine, any more than *Harold Vincent*, M.P., is much of a hero. Mr. COOPER CLIFFE puts all the wickedness he can into the stereotyped dramatic gentlemanly villain; Mr. LOWNE and Mr. ALLAN are two staunch allies of Lord Derwent's; Miss MARY BROUGH is funny; Miss FEATHERSTONE lady-like and unimpressive, while Mrs. RALEIGH, in a broken-English part, lifts herself a head and shoulders above everybody, when in the shipwreck scene she performs on a tight-rope, clinging to it, and climbing to the top of the mast, followed by a mysterious orphan, amidst the deafening cheers of the excited spectators and the crash and crescendo of Mr. HAND-AND-GLOVER'S orchestra.

"And," asks somebody, "the plot—the story? What is it all about?"

To tell the honest truth, *I don't know*; and, what is more, *I don't care*. And this, I should say, would be the unsophisticated answer of the thousands of all classes who, delighted and satisfied with the evening's entertainment, cheered the mysterious orphan, and were especially struck by that most dramatic scene where Mr. NEVILLE shoots the foreign spy. Rarely has been seen a more powerful situation than this, which, apart from everything else, establishes the dramatic success of a patchwork piece.

IO, TRIUMPHE!

[A resolution has been passed at a meeting of the Worshipful Company of Master Plumbers, that a professional education, with a test examination, shall be demanded of "sanitary plumbers."]

Now let me strike the solid ground
With freer foot than e'er of yore,
In happy homes from shore to shore
Let strange beatitude resound.

There's hope for me, there's hope for you,
And hope for BROWN, and SMITH, and JONES,
The world a newer glory owns,
And, owning it, is happy too.



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

BIG GAME HUNTING.—V. ELEPHANT SHOOTING.

TO BE SOMETHING OF AN ACROBAT MAY, ON OCCASION, PROVE USEFUL TO THE SPORTSMAN.

No more the plumber, blithe and gay,
Shall take in hand his little job,
Shall come to pillage and to rob,
To mend the sink and ride away.

No more, to stop the gas escape,
Besiege the place from week to week,
Pretending for the cause to seek;
Gone is his every jest and jape.

A future dawns in which the race
Shall do its plumbing well and fast;
The mended sink or pipe shall last
More than a week's precarious space.

The pipes, in straw and sacking nursed
May freeze: but then a master hand
Shall plumb their depths and understand

Precisely why it was they burst.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS! *Election Time.*
—Of all the returns recently announced,
those of the Naval Brigade, the C. I. V.'s,
and Sir R. BULLER are the only ones uni-
versally popular.

FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.



Oban to Gairloch via Tobermory.—Those to whom time is no particular object, and to whom the idea of rising at the unconscionable hour of 5.30 a.m., in order to start at 7 a.m. is repugnant, will do well to take this recent traveller's advice (it will be useful for a future holiday), and instead of making the tour from Oban to Gairloch and back by Inverness and Caledonian Canal in three days he should break the journey at several points and so proceed by easy stages. Of course, "who breaks pays," and the cost of these breakages will be considerably above that of the ordinary circular tour. On the other hand, for the extra amount of expenditure there is an extra amount of comfort, and the leisurely traveller will see far more of the beauties of the country, and will get value for his money out of all proportion to that obtained by the regular straight-away-right-through-here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow tourist. Instead, then, of rising at 5.30 to leave by the 7 A.M. boat we chose the *Fingal*, leaving Oban at 12.30, and started for Tobermory. Weather nothing particular. Once upon a time the *Fingal* was on the Thames, a regular river boat; now promoted to the MACBRAYNES' service. The Macbraynian agents know a good thing when they see it. At the Western Isles Hotel we stop the night. Lovely view from terrace and from our bedroom windows. Some good drives and walks; for another occasion, not now. Everybody most civil and obliging, but no electric lighting, and no gas in bedrooms! Difficulties in consequence with looking-glass. Away next morning, the performance of our travelling company being "For one night only."

On board the *Gael*. Weather unpromising. Wind uncommonly blusterous, "but" we say, hypocritically deceiving one another, and so keeping up our failing courage, "it sounds worse than it is. Probably it will be quite calm outside." Ah! "outside!" but there are more sides than one to this question for the uncertain sailor. So we go aboard the "bonnie barque," as did somebody (I forget his name) and "his fair young bride," and ask the Purser, the Captain, and the Mate, quite confidentially, what may be their opinion, individually, as to the weather and our prospects of a fine sailing day. The "prospects" appear to be somewhat dim: the Mate says that "as the wind is a bit blowing off the land" (as I understand him, for his Scotch is just a wee bit broad) "we shan't get it so very bad off Ardnamurchan Point," for this is the point, and an uncommonly strong point, too, as afterwards appears, "where it's generally rather stiff."

I consult the Steward. The Steward grasps the situation, and my hand is on the companion rail. Steady, ay steady! "If it's bad," says the Steward, "off Ardnamurchan Point, we shall wait till we get to—" Bang! whack! Swish! as if buckets were being emptied over the deck. Steward disappears. I stagger up to the saloon. Delightful saloon. Hardly anybody there. We are at the end of the season, and there are not more than twenty or thirty passengers, if as many. Can't count, as they shift about so. One of our party in saloon smiling, hopefully; but her cheek is blanched, and I read doubt in her eye. She has been told by the Stewardess that "it is a nasty day." It needed no Stewardess to tell us that. Furthermore, she observes, "That it is very rough off Ardnamurchan Point." The partner of my joys assures me she is comfortable: oh, quite so; she is well wrapped up. There is another quite comfortable-looking lady next to her, and a quite uncomfortable-looking gentleman at full length, with his head buried on the cushion in the near corner. The other corners are similarly occupied by heads and legs of either ladies or gentlemen in various stages of decomposition, that is, of "coming to pieces." I stagger up the companion clutchingly; post myself next to my barrister friend, who always manages to find

a dry and comfortable spot even on the wettest and most uncomfortable boat, and he concedes about a third of the space he is occupying to me. How selfish people do become in rough weather on board a steamer! Here we stand; the *Gael* behaves in first-rate style. Were the sea only as steady as the *Gael* the voyage would be delightful, that is, in fine weather. For, alas, the mists come about us, the sun disappears, and to a certain extent we lose the wild grandeur of the various coasts. We keep dry; we smoke; we dodge the wind and the wind dodges us; yet on the whole the balance—which we manage to keep—is in our favour. But, oh, to see the poor travellers, two ladies and a man, who, with their boxes and portmanteaux, have to go ashore at some place where there is no pier, and where they will have to arrive in a boat rowed by two stalwart fishermen who have come out to meet them! How those two fishermen in their oilskins ever contrived to bring that cumbersome boat alongside the *Gael* will always remain a wonder to me; and how our passengers contrived to embark in that wildly-tossed tub, with their luggage, in that boisterous sea, will puzzle me painfully in maddest nightmares.

The boat bounces up alongside; bang! Wild boy with curly hair clings on to rope thrown to him by sailors on deck; other sailors running up and down deck, throwing over ropes, hauling ropes; captain shouting directions, sailors replying and carrying out the orders; up goes the boat, and those in it, the fishermen and boy in oil-skins are almost face to face with us; down goes the boat, all the faces disappear and they are some twenty yards below us. Now the passengers!! Brave woman! two sailors hold her ready to lower her into boat; two fishermen waiting to receive her; up goes the boat, bang goes the wave, flop goes the lady, and struggles on all fours to a seat. "One!" as the knitters said, seated at the foot of the guillotine. Another lady—stout—a mere bundle of clothes in the hands of the stalwart sailors. Now—whoop!—off she goes—and she too is caught in a heap, and rights herself after fearfully convulsive struggles. "Two!" Now the man—"an old man, your Lordship"—gently, gently—up comes the boat—whoop! down goes the old man, flat, prone, and is spread out, like a smashed poached egg on rashers and toast, over boxes, ropes, bags, and traps that have been pitched in anyhow. He, too, presently reappears among the boxes, right side uppermost, coming up like the damaged prize-fighter does, smiling. "Three!" No more! Now then, "Cast off!" Heart-rending expression! "Cast off!" There go the cast-offs! This way, that way, kicked about by the waves, as a football might be in a match! There's the boat atop of a wave! It disappears—totally. Heavens! No, up again. Their oars are out. Our steam is up, so's our time, and we are away. Heaven send them safe ashore. But never, never, never will I take a ticket for anywhere, on any coast, the peculiarities of which are unknown to me, without first ascertaining whether or no there be pier or landing stage, and they are available in all weathers, good, bad or indifferent. Nothing would induce me personally to pay my money and take my chance.

1.40, the wicked winds ceasing to trouble us, the weary are sufficiently at rest to sit down to a well-served luncheon or dinner, whichever you like to call it.

Less blusterous was it after a while, but misty clouds hung about, and as the late AUGUSTUS HARRIS would have described it, "Its sky-borders want taking up a bit" so that we may see the height and the ever-varying beauties of this weird coast. MACBETH'S witches are in the clouds, and I'm afraid they are going to make a night of it. They've made a day of it already, as we're now about an hour late. "Things are looking a little better," as they put it in the City. Here we are in a wild, picturesque spot of Skye with a real good landing-stage. It is Portree.

THE AMERICA CUP.—No one could more appropriately send a challenge for this or any other Cup than Sir Tea LITTON.



DON JOSÉ PACIFICO.



Carrier. "TRY ZIDEWAYS, MRS. JONES, TRY ZIDEWAYS!"

Mrs. Jones. "LAE' BLESS 'EE, JOHN, I AIN'T GOT NO ZIDEWAYS!"

ODE TO A LIBERAL MOCKING-BIRD.

[With acknowledgments to the late KEATS, and respectful compliments to F. C. G. of the "Westminster Gazette."]

OUR brain aches and a torpor numbs our nerve
As though with opiates we were deep imbrued,
Being apparently condemned to serve
A second shift of penal servitude;

And we must envy thee thy happier lot,
Gay-hearted Dryad of the trenchant plume,
Who still upon the post-meridian breeze
In thy green-tinted plot

Amid the Opposition's ambient gloom
Chaffest the Tory with thy usual case.

O for a drink of water such as cools
The Liberal larynx torrid on the stump,
Smacking of Cockermouth's perennial pools,
Of WILFRID LAWSON and the village pump!

O for a tankard full of H₂O,
The true, the proletarian Hippocrene,
With Local Veto winking at the brim
And filtered mirth below;
That haply we might hop about the scene
With thy sublime agility of limb:

Hop as our heart dictates, and quite ignore
What thou hast missed this many a summer-tide,
The weariness, amounting to a bore,
Of being always on the stronger side;
Where fat and callous-eyed indifference rusts
Even the Tory Blood's incisive blade:

Where humour's bolt is evermore discharged
At unresisting busts;

And wit that works by opposition's aid
Dies of a liver horribly enlarged.

Frankly, immortal Bird, for five long years

We had a presage we should die that way,
And now the country's voice confirms our fears
Almost allowing us to fix the day;
Now more than ever longingly we dream
Of times when Victory flushed the Liberal camp,
And there was ploughing in the sandy ruts;
Of ROSEBERRY, grateful theme,
Of HARCOURT on the vulnerable ramp,
And all the vista lined with obvious butts.

For thee, a like regret would seem absurd;
No vast majorities depress thy brain;
Thou hast (if one may say it of a bird)
Thy faithful subjects in the Powers that reign.

Perhaps the self-same art in days by-gone
Tickled the ribs of JOSEPH's brother-band,
When, o'er a coat of many patterns blent
His pictured optic shone
Through comic casements opening on the land
Of Goshen, where he ran the Government.

The Government! The word is as a knell
Tolling us back to dulness of the Pit,
While thou art happy in another spell
Of the old hope forlorn that whets the wit;
There is thy JOSEPH, hewn a hundred times,
And, like Valhalla's warriors, fresh as paint!
Ah! in thy gallant fight against the gods,
Pity our bloodless rhymes,
That fall on hollow squadrons, pale and faint,
With never a chance to front the frowning odds!

O. S.

NEVER ON ITS LEGS.—The most constant faller in the Metropolis: The Strand, because it is always being picked up.



AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

He. "THERE IS MADAME CHOSE FLIRTING WITH A NIGGER! WHY, SHE IS ONLY QUITE RECENTLY A WIDOW."

She. "AH, THAT ACCOUNTS FOR HER CHOICE. SHE IS IN MOURNING, AND THE BLACK SUITS HER!"

ESSENCE OF ROSEBERY.

(Extracted from the Inner Consciousness of Toby, M.P.)

HAPPILY time not yet come for writing life of Lord ROSEBERY on the plan of his Study of PITT, that masterpiece of satisfying brevity. Mr. COATES, in preparing the portly volumes, *Lord Rosebery, His Life and Speeches*, just published by HUTCHINSON, has recognised this fact. Story, God bless you! there is much to tell. With the addition of some dates and a light link of narrative, Mr. COATES leaves it to be told by Lord ROSEBERY himself. Could not be in better hands.

By far the largest number of 1,000 pages are occupied by verbatim reports of

speeches in the House of Lords and on public platforms. Their topics testify to the many-sidedness of Lord ROSEBERY's mind. He has something luminous to say about such diverse things as the Franchise Bill, the House of Lords, Foreign Affairs in many aspects, Home Rule, the Municipal progress of London, the two PITTS, the one Sir ROBERT PEEL, the principle of Betterment, Liberal Imperialism, Disestablishment, Bookish Statesmen, and the death of Mr. GLADSTONE.

The work being a serious contribution to modern political history, room is not made for another class of public speaking rarer in its excellence than that indicated in this catalogue. Since Lord GRANVILLE died Lord ROSEBERY is the best, perhaps

the only, great after-dinner speaker left to us. It is much easier to deliver a ponderous discourse in Parliament than it is to make an after-dinner speech which shall be wise as well as witty, lambent with flashes of humour but never degenerating into flippancy. To achieve this success a keen, yet chastened, sense of humour is indispensable. This Lord ROSEBERY has in abundance. In polished phrases, often exquisitely turned, he sometimes bridges the distance between Humour and its more stately elder brother Wit.

Imbued with this saving grace of humour, Lord ROSEBERY is easily and naturally moved to pathos. Think of the little aside in his speech on the death of Mr. GLADSTONE which touched even the House of Lords—an assembly the late Lord CLEGG vividly described when he said he never spoke in it without feeling as if he were in a churchyard addressing the tombstones. Language had been exhausted in eulogy of the great statesman and in lamentation at his cutting off. Only Lord ROSEBERY thought of "the solitary and pathetic figure who, for sixty years shared all the sorrows and all the joys of Mr. GLADSTONE's life."

Herein lies the secret of his popularity with the masses, a position unique among peers, excelling anything of the kind enjoyed by commoners, approaching within measureable distance the magnetism of Mr. GLADSTONE in the prime of his days. There is a good deal of humanity about Lord ROSEBERY.

He has, consequently, the indefinable quality of being personally interesting to the multitude. Mr. DISRAELI held this wand; so did Mr. GLADSTONE, with a marked difference in the result. So does Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in degree beyond all his colleagues in the Cabinet. So in another field does Lord ROBERTS, the beloved "BOBS" of the nation. To a man in public life its price is above rubies.

Mr. COATES's volumes are illustrated by two portraits of Lord ROSEBERY, familiar by their very scarcity. If Mr. GLADSTONE was the most photographed man of modern days, his Midlothian host is the least photographed. There is a charming portrait of Lord ROSEBERY's mother, taken about the time when she was one of the eight maidens who bore the train of the QUEEN at the Coronation. Also, there is a photogravure of the late Lady ROSEBERY. Mr. COATES quotes from a (by its author) forgotten article which appeared in *Punch*, sixteen years ago, during one of the Midlothian campaigns. "Essence of Midlothian," it is entitled, and purports to be extracts from the diary of Mr. GLADSTONE on his political tour. "Whenever I go to a strange house, or a strange town," he is represented as having written, "I want no better welcome than a

look from Lady ROSEBERY'S kindly face."

Mr. GLADSTONE possibly never uttered the thought. But the Member for Sark, who was all through the many Midlothian campaigns, and cherishes the memory of the Lady of Dalmeny whose presence graced the earlier tournaments, and passed away whilst the last but one was in progress, believes it was often in his mind.

SIDES AND ASIDES.

(Extracts from a speech given during the Election at Boxborough.)

WHY do I ask you to support me, gentlemen? (Because my wife won't give me any peace till I get into Parliament.) Because I know you have the interests of this mighty Empire at heart, and will not allow this great and distinguished borough (Beastly hole—shan't come here often if I can help it) to be represented by one who (Can't for life of me remember whether Radical Candidate is Pro-Boer or Imperialist), if he is not a traitor, is at any rate a friend and companion of traitors. (That fixes him, anyway.) The Radicals ask us what we have done. For answer (impressively), I point to the hospitals in South Africa and to the graves of those brave—(What on earth is the chairman kicking me for! Eh? What? Giving myself away? Well, so would he if he'd been jawing all day.) Then look, gentlemen, look carefully at the chain of negotiations! (Where the dickens is that page of notes!) Every child has the history at its finger ends. (The child may: I haven't, unless I can find that confounded page.) But I see the time is slipping by, and I will not weary you with the elementary history of the South African problem . . . Let us now turn to Social matters (Must throw a sop to the faddists here). Deeply tho' we prize Imperial matters, we are none the less interested in Domestic Reforms. They have given us many hours of anxious thought (Should think so. Had splitting headache in hunting up Buxton's Political Manual, last night). . . . This is how the subject appears to me after mature consideration (Capital chap—for a Radical—that Buxton, providing us with ready-made arguments.) And in conclusion, let us remember those stirring words of DISRAELI (sick to death of them, but must have tag for peroration), etc., etc.

SIX MONTHS LATER.

(Smoking Room, House of Commons.)

EH? Deputation of Anti-Diluvianists to see me. (To Private Secretary) What did I promise 'em? Oh! Would lose no time in bringing forward a Private Bill. Well, I won't lose any time. (Chuckles.) Old joke, but "age cannot wither," &c. (Looks at Tape.) Settlement of South Africa—still on. Sick to death of it. Hullo! Jollyboy, you off? Eh? Will I



"SCORED!"

Little Wife. "Now, FRED DEAR, I'M READY."

Lazy Husband. "I'M AWFULLY SORRY, DEAR; BUT I MUST STAY IN, AS I'M EXPECTING A FRIEND EVERY MINUTE."

Little Wife (sarcastically). "A FRIEND EVERY MINUTE! HEAVENS, FRED! WHAT A CROWD OF FRIENDS YOU'LL HAVE BY THE END OF THE DAY!"

join you at Scott's? Certainly. Thank goodness you're a Radical, as we can pair. We must dodge the deputation though.

[Exeunt arm-in-arm.]

NEW DRAMATIS PERSONA.—The duty of a broker's man is, we believe, to seize everything he can put his hands on, up to the amount of the creditor's claim, in the debtor's house. It appears, however, according to *The Times* account of the new play at the Lyceum, that in this drama there is a broker's man who "seizes every opportunity." First-rate bailiff's officer

this. To him in nursery rhythm let us sing—

Take the cake, take the cake, Broker's man,
Take it and hold it as long as you can.

The curiosity of not a few will be aroused by the attraction that is offered at the Lyceum by this new character of the Broker.

MR. KRUGER has accepted the hospitality of a Belgian gentleman who has put the Castle of Anderlecht, near Brussels, at his disposal. Could not a Spanish gentleman present him with a Château d'Espagne?



Fair Pupil (in riding school). "Ow!—EE—EE! HE'S WALTZING ROUND AND ROUND! QUICK—WHICH STRING DO I PULL?"

TIMELY TIPS FOR TIMID TALKERS.

ANYBODY can gain a distinct reputation as a conversationalist by using these tips.

I.—WITH A DEFEATED PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE. (For ladies.)

1. Now, you must tell me everything about your election, and why you lost the seat, and how a candidate can become so unpopular . . . No, I really won't let you change the subject—it's so interesting to hear about it from one who has been through it all.

2. Is it true that you were so sure of getting in that you invited all your friends to tea on the Terrace next summer?

3. I saw that the local paper said you

were beaten because you were "a tongue-tied carpet-bagger." Do explain just what that means!

4. Of course, as you didn't get in, you didn't have to pay any expenses, did you?

II.—WITH AN OFFICER FROM SOUTH AFRICA. (For an old gentleman.)

1. Hasn't the war been shockingly mismanaged? But what can you expect when our officers are such a namby-pamby crew? Just look at the Continental way of doing things. They don't provide every subaltern with a refrigerator and a feather-bed! 'Pon my word, it's sickening to think, . . . etc., etc.

2. Can you tell me why not a single General of the lot had the sense to deploy

his men in double sections of open file? The war could have been ended in half the time by the use of that formation. If you'd only read that paper, you might learn a thing or two about strategy!

3. Brought home a tidy lot of loot, I suppose? Rather a shame, though, to tear off the women's necklaces and earrings . . . oh, don't pretend you didn't! Read all about it in a French paper. You fellows can't hush up things as easily as you think!

III.—WITH A POET. (For a middle-aged lady.)

1. How do you think of all those beautiful thoughts? No, I haven't exactly read your verses—there's such a lot of trash published nowadays, isn't there?

2. Oh, you are quite wrong—it interests me immensely! And I want to know what pen you use, and how many lines you can write an hour if you try your hardest, and how much a line they pay you, and ever so many other things!

3. When are you going to make a new poem? . . . You won't mind if I come into the library and take a tiny peep over your shoulder when you're doing it? I do so want to see how you get the rhymes to match!

IV.—WITH THE HOST.

(For very young gentlemen.)

1. "Fairish bag to-day?" Oh, not bad, considerin' you can't afford to preserve properly, and that your guns were such a rotten set of crocks. . . . No claret, thanks—been there before, y' know! Give you address of really decent wine merchant. "Weed?" Well, no—I've got my own cigar-case.

CHILDISH VIEWS.

["I say it is absolutely childish of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN to say that the publication of this despatch had any effect on President KRUGER."—Mr. Chamberlain.]

WHEN men of mark, like Dr. CLARK

And Mr. LABOUCHERE,

Send but a line to Bloemfontein

It worketh wonders there;

Oom PAUL and STEYN take heart again,

BELLONA lights her brand,

And lo! once more the dogs of war

Are loosed upon the land.

My words of course have no such force:

Who takes offence if I

Politely say that Mr. K.

Is, like a sponge, squeezed dry?

Who would suspect the least effect

Could from my figure flow,

Should I declare with tragic air

"The sands are running low!"

No! to suppose such words as those

From such a man as me,

Could influence a man of sense

Is foolish as can be.

A childish view, I think—don't you?

For how can I compare

With men of mark, like Dr. CLARK

And Mr. LABOUCHERE?



THE NEW SISYPHUS.

CAMPBELL BEN-AM-N. "WELL, HERE GOES FOR ANOTHER TRY. ODD! IF IT WERE ONLY BIGGER IT MIGHT BE EASIER!"

ter
to
th
de
for
the
ma
str
wi
of
the
is
far
un
Ch
Th
me
Mr
(M
ail
at
in
int
tim
of
one
Do
Th
Ca
is
thi
sto
edu
ma
the
Ca
cha
bei
will
"a
na
bee
a
pre
of
mon
nor
two
and
tha
ent
M
vol
este

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



Doing Collar Work.

My Baronite does not want to pry into secrets, but he strongly suspects that in conceiving the idea of the leading character in *Quisanté* (METHUEN) ANTHONY HOPE had in his mind a certain knight whom Sheffield (in other respects a sane community) delighteth to honour. "A not over honest mountebank," Alexander Quisanté, M.P., in a bitter moment of frankness, describes himself. ANTHONY HOPE, in dealing with him, presents a ruthless study of a cad. That is not an attractive subject; but genius, always tolerant, inclined to tenderness, endows Quisanté with singular gifts, which draw to him and hold fast bound a high-born lady, the pink of purity, the soul of honour. Lady May Gaston, having fallen under the thrall of man who, from a moral point of view, she properly despises, becomes his wife, works with and for him, even lies for him; and when he dies in an hour of triumph will not, for the sake of his memory, marry an upright, high-minded gentleman she has always loved. It will be seen that here is a strange, complicated problem. ANTHONY HOPE works it out with infinite skill. Quisanté will probably not have the run of some of his earlier novels. As a work of art, it is far away the best thing he has yet done.

Some years ago there was produced at, if the Baron's memory is not treacherous, the Palais Royal, a very amusing French farce subsequently rendered into English ("as she is spoke") under the title of *The Saucy Sally*, and capably played by CHARLES HAWTREY and Company at the Comedy or the Avenue Theatre, the plot of which will be forcibly recalled to the memory of any regular theatre-goer who may chance to read Mr. JACOBS' amusingly-told story of *A Master of Craft* (METHUEN). The Captain in this story is one of the old style of sailor of whom it was said that he had a wife in every port, or at least a sweetheart, and who, like Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY in the part above-mentioned, was "three single gentlemen rolled into one," being generally engaged to three ladies at the same time, only in different places, his one difficulty being to get quit of the two for whom he didn't care much and be spliced to the one whose affection he prized. Captain Flower is the nautical Don Juan of this story, which might have been called "Captains Three," seeing that there are two others, Captain Fraser and Captain Barber, and between these three the incautious reader is not unlikely to get somewhat "mixed." No one can narrate this sort of nautical, riverside, wharf-side, Wapping-Old-Stairs story better than can Mr. JACOBS. The simple un-nautically educated landsman who knows none of the technicalities of mariners' jargon, or, at least no more of it than he may find in the conversation of Cap'en Cuttle and Captain Bunshy of *The Cautious Clara*, will be at first immensely amused by the characters and their peculiar "lingo"; but their movements being somewhat spasmodic, and the plot a trifle intricate, he will, it is not unlikely, gradually become, like Mariana, rather "a-weary, a-weary," and will feel a strong inclination to take nautical rank as a "skipper." *A Master of Craft* ought to have been one of those short breezy stories wherein Mr. JACOBS, as a real "master of his craft," is facile princeps. In this present story the characters are drawn by the hand of a master of his craft, but the plot which these amusing, if somewhat monotonous puppets, have to work out, is neither strikingly new nor original, and the determined reader will have got through two-thirds of the book before he comes upon a really humorous and genuinely original situation. The Baron ventures to declare that he prefers any one of the stories in *Many Cargoes* to the entire *Master of Craft*.

My Baronite has accidentally come across a poorly dressed volume of verse labelled *Skipped Stitches*. It issues from the establishment of a firm of "book and job printers," resident

in an unnamed town in the United States. The writer is ANNA J. GRANNISS, "author of the *Old Red Cradle*," and the little book bears the proud stamp "seventh thousand." The *Old Red Cradle*, which seems to have struck popular fancy in America, is very well in its homely way. But it is incomparably below the mark of other pieces, notably the dedicatory verses, and a stanza of ten lines entitled "April." Best of all is "My Guest," a masterpiece of sombre, stately simplicity, freshly treating so hackneyed a topic as death. My Baronite remembers reading it a year ago in *The Treasury of America's Sacred Song*, edited by W. GARRETT HORDER, and published by Mr. FROWDE. Enquiry in that quarter elicited the information that Miss GRANNISS has passed the greater part of her life at work in a factory in Plainville, Connecticut. It might be worth the while of any enterprising British publisher to look up the stray gem and let us all study it.

Apparently under the impression that anything about China and the Chinese would have considerable interest for the average Englishman of to-day. Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. have brought out Mr. A. B. FREEMAN MITFORD'S *The Attaché at Peking*, written between thirty and forty years ago, containing references to GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, and to Herr VON JOEL, of Evans's. VON JOEL! and Evans's! Forty years ago, if it's a day! So, though China be a most Conservative country, yet, as events have, in a general way, moved on a bit since the time of the Whistling German in Evans's Supper Rooms, the narrative of Mr. MITFORD lacks somewhat the attraction of novelty and freshness. The preface, however, is decidedly interesting, as recording the opinions on China of a man who knows it well. It is to be hoped that Chinese good-breeding, as evinced after a good dinner in B. MITFORD's time, has considerably improved. Mr. MITFORD's summary, from his past experiences and present anticipations, seems to be that China would be a pleasant place to live in—but for the Chinese.

All About Dogs. A Book for Doggy People, by C. H. LANE (JOHN LANE). This is sure to be popular, that is, judging by the title, for the Baron has not, as yet, seen the book; and, if he had, he would have handed it over, of course, to TOBY for review. To be perfect, the book ought to have been issued "Dogs-eared." That it must be full of Dogs Tales is evident. Tales of Sad Dogs, Funny Dogs, Clever Dogs, Sly Dogs, Regular Dogs, Detective Dogs of the old "K 9" division, all categorically arranged. It ought to have been dedicated to our TOBY, who has been recently out yachting in his own bark.

Blessed among publishers be the name of CHATTO & WINDUS! They have reprinted, with the coloured frontispiece and JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN'S introduction, PIERCE EGAN'S *Life in London*, being a record of the day and night scene of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq., and his elegant friend Corinthian Tom, in their rambles and sprees through the Metropolis. Originally published in 1821, with quaint dedication to His Most Excellent Majesty King GEORGE IV., the title has been familiar to my Baronite from boyhood's days. But till to-day the book he never saw. Writing years ago in the old *Westminster Review*, THACKERAY laments how he had been in quest of the book to the British Museum and five circulating libraries, and found it not. Here it is, a cheap re-print with full text, all the notes, the italics, the Roman capitals and eke, when the humour is very thin, the point unusually obscure, long primer. To tell the truth, it is about the dullest book in the language—prolix, stilted, stupid. That makes it only the more interesting, revealing in a flash of light, what kind of men those whilom bucks our grandfathers were. Less than four score years ago *Tom and Jerry*, as the precious thing was affectionately called, was the most popular book of the day. It established a school of literature. Three dramas founded upon it were placed on the stage, one running for three hundred nights, a record unapproachable in these days. Puzzle for the third generation: to discover its witching charm.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



AWKWARD FOR HIM.

Tam. "I'M SAYIN', MAN, MY CAIRT O' HAY'S FA'EN OWER. WILL YE GIE'S A HAUND UP WI' T!"

Jock. "'DEED WILL I. BUT YE'LL BE IN NAE HURRY TILL I GET TAE THE END O' THE RAW!"

Tam. "OU NO. I'M IN NAE HURRY, BUT I DOOT MY FAITHER'LL BE WEARYIN'."

Jock. "AN' WHAUR'S YER FAITHER?"

Tam. "HE'S IN BELOW THE HAY!"

LIFE IN THE PURPLE.

[The autobiography of the Amir of AFGHANISTAN, a portion of which has appeared in *The Monthly Review*, is, we understand, only the first of a series. Below we publish some extracts from another autobiography, which has come into our hands.]

EVER since I was born I have felt that I was not like other people. Something used to whisper to me that somehow or other I was greater, and better, and more capable of noble deeds than the sovereigns

who sat on inferior thrones in other countries. I happened to mention this one day to BISMARCK, but his reply, which I scorn to repeat (after all, he is dead, and I hardly know why I drag him in), only showed the brutal ferocity and stupidity of his character. Then and there, I determined to get rid of him.

I have often been asked how I find time to inspect troops, to compose speeches, dramas and poems, to paint splendid allegorical pictures, to deliver harangues,

to shoot, to be an Admiral, to change my uniforms, to sit for photographs, to write State-papers, to govern my Empire in every department, and to make jokes with my family. What says the poet?—

Für einen Herrn in Khaki der nach Süden gehen will

Es ist nichts so fein gesponnen, es kommt doch an die Sonne.

On these principles, so gloriously expressed by our immortal SCHILLER, I have always acted, and the result is before the world. My uniforms are kept in a large hall a thousand feet square, where they hang from specially-constructed pegs like the harness of horses in the fire brigade. All I have to do is to stand under a uniform, press a button and the clothes fall round me in an instant. I often spend an hour or so in amusing myself in this way. It is quite a mistake to suppose that anyone helps me with my pictures and poems. I do them quite by myself. I will here quote from one of my hundred best poems:—

Der Deutsche Kaiser! hoch! hoch! hoch!

Und hoch! hoch! hoch! der Deutsche Kaiser.

My meals are simple: a dish of soup, a turbot, a pheasant or two, a sirloin of beef, a boar's head (shot by me on the same day), a *dudelsack* (a native dish, very appetising) and a selection of sweets washed down with native champagne—such is my plain daily fare. After dinner is over, the latest batch of arrested editors is brought into my presence. They are then set to fight one another, and the conqueror is allowed to compose a leading article in my honour. I find it very soothing to my nerves to watch these impudent fellows chopping one another to pieces.

After that I retire to my study, and after thinking about the good of my country and the very backward condition of my Reichstag, I sometimes write to my Grand-mamma, in England, and advise her what she ought to do with her Parliament, or I send telegrams to Vienna and St. Petersburg suggesting a series of visits, with reviews of soldiers, and imperial banquets, and toasts and speeches. Thus I pass the evening. I am not really proud, and—though BISMARCK never would admit it—I am quite one of the most humorous men living. I can always see jokes very quickly, and make the best myself. My chancellor and my ministers often spend hours in laughing at them. Here I must say that I have no opinion of the Czar of RUSSIA as a joker—but of course everybody cannot be funny.

I have often been asked how I train my chancellors, my generals, and my moustache. The idea of the moustache came to me in dream. I often dream, but generally forget my dreams. This one about a moustache I remembered, and immediately carried out.



ON PLEASURE BENT.

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

(Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.)

By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.
Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

CHAPTER VI.

LORD JOLLY IS SATISFIED.

Ah, why should two, who once were bosom's friends,
Present at one another pistol ends?
Till one pops off to dwell in Death's Abode—
All on account of Honour's so-called code!

Thoughts on Duelling, by H. B. J.

MANY a more hackneyed duellist than our unfortunate friend BHOSH might well have been frightened from his propriety at the prospect of fighting with genuine bullets across so undersized a nosekerchief as that which the Duchess had furnished for the fray.

But Mr. BHOSH preserved his head in perfect coolness: "It is indisputably true," he said, "that I proposed to shoot across a pocketkerchief—but I am not an effeminate female that I should employ such a lacelike and flimsy concern as this! As a challenged, I claim my constitutional right under Magna Charta to provide my own nosewipe."

And, as even my Lord JACK admitted that this was legally correct, Mr. BHOSH produced a very large handsome nosekerchief in parti-coloured silks.

This he tore into narrow strips, the ends of which he tied together in such a manner that the whole was elongated to an incredible length. Then, tossing one extremity to his lordship, and retaining the other in his own hand, he said: "We will fight, if you please, across this—or not at all!"

Which caused a working majority of the company, and even Lord JACK JOLLY himself, to burst into enthusiastic plaudits of the ingenuity and dexterity with which Mr. BHOSH had contrived to extricate himself from the prongs of his Caudine fork.

The Duchess, however, was knitting her brows into the baleful pattern of a scowl—for she knew as well as CHUNDER BINDABUN himself that no human pistol was capable of achieving such a distance! The duel commenced. His lordship and Mr. BHOSH each removed their upper clothings, bared their arms, and, taking up a weapon, awaited the momentous command to fire.

It was pronounced, and Lord JOLLY's pistol was the first to ring the ambient welkin with its horrid bang. The deadly missile, whistling as it went for want of thought, entered the door of a neighbouring pigeon's house and fluttered the dovecot confoundedly.

Mr. BHOSH reserved his fire for the duration of two or three harrowing seconds. Then he, too, pulled off his trigger, and after the explosion there was a loud cry of dismay.

The bullet had perforated a large circular orifice in Honble BODGER's hat, who, by this time, had returned to self-consciousness!

"I could not bring myself to snuff the candle of your honble lordship's existence," said Mr. BHOSH, bowing, "but I wished to convince all present that I am not incompetent to hit a mark."

And he proceeded to assure Mr. BODGER that he was to receive full compensation for any moral and intellectual damage done to his said hat.

As for his lordship, he was so overcome by Mr. BHOSH's unprecedented magnanimity that he shed copious tears, and, warmly embracing his former friend, entreated his forgiveness, vowing that in future their affection should never again be endangered by so paltry and trivial a cause as the fickety of a feminine. Moreover, he bestowed upon BINDABUN the blushing hand of Princess JONES, and very heartily wished him joy of her.

Now the Princess was the solitary brat of a very wealthy Merchant Prince, Honble Sir MONARCH JONES, whose proud and palatial storehouses were situated in the most fashionable part of Camden Town.

Sir JONES, in spite of Lord JACK's resignation, did not at first regard Mr. BHOSH with the paternal eye of approval, but rather advanced the objection that the colour of his money was practically invisible. "My daughter," he said haughtily, "is to have a lakh of rupees on her nuptials. Have you a lakh of rupees?"

BINDABUN was tempted to make the rather facetious reply that he had, indeed, a lack of rupees at the present moment.

Sir MONARCH, however, like too many English gentlemen, was totally incapable of comprehending the simplest Indian *jeu des mots*, and merely replied. "Unless you can show me your lakh of rupees, you cannot become my beloved son-in-law."

So, as Mr. BHOSH was a conformed impecunious, he departed in severe despondency. However, Fortune favoured him, as always, for he made the acquaintance of a certain Jewish-Scotch, whose cognomen was ALEXANDER WALLACE MCALPINE, and who kindly undertook to lend him a lakh of rupees for two days at interest which was the mere bite of a flea.

Having thus acquired the root of all evil, BINDABUN took it in a four-wheeled cab and triumphantly exhibited his hard cash to Sir JONES, who, being unaware that it was borrowed plumage, readily consented that he should marry his daughter. After which Mr. BHOSH honourably restored the lakh to the accommodating Scotch minus the interest, which he found it inconvenient to pay just then.

I am under great apprehensions that my gentle readers, on reading thus far and no further, will remark: "Oho! then we are already at the *finis*, seeing that when a hero and heroine are once booked for connubial bliss their further proceedings are of very mediocre interest!"

Let me venture upon the respectful caution that every cup possesses a proverbially slippery lip, and that they are by no means to take it as granted that Mr. BHOSH is so soon married and done for.

Remember that he still possesses a rather formidable enemy in Duchess DICKINSON, who is irrevocably determined to insert a spike in his wheel of fortune. For a woman is so constituted that she can never forgive an individual who has once treated her advances with contempt, no matter how good-humoured such contempt may have been. No, misters, if you offend a feminine you must look out for her squalls.

Readers are humbly requested not to toss this fine story aside under the impression that they have exhausted the cream in its cocoanut. There are many many incidents to come of highly startling and sensational character, and the public is once more reminded that they are to order early to prevent disappointment.

(To be continued).



CAPTAIN
ABNER
BUDLONG
was a re-
tired sailo-
man. He
was small
of stature,

with mild blue eyes, and
a little gold ring in each

of his ears. He was in the prime of life, and had been so often wet with salted water, and dried by salted winds, that he looked as though he might last for ever.

He had ceased to sail in ships because his last vessel, of which he had been part owner, had positively declined to sail any longer under him. When this misguided craft decided to go to the bottom of the sea Captain ABNER, in a little boat, accompanied by his crew, betook himself to the surface of the land, and there he determined to stay for the rest of his life. His home was on the seashore; in the summertime he fished and took people out to sail in his boat, and in the cold weather he generally devoted himself to putting things into his house, or arranging or re-arranging the things already there. He, himself, was his family, and, therefore, there was no difference of opinion as to the ordering of his household.

The house was divided through the middle by a narrow hallway; that part to the right, as one entered the front door, was called by Captain ABNER "the bachelor side," while the portion to the left he designated as "the married side." The right half might have suggested a fore-castle, and was neat and clean, with sanded floors and everything coiled up and stowed away in true ship-shape fashion. But the other half was viewed by Captain ABNER as something in the quarter-deck style; the little parlour opening from it was carpeted, painted and papered, and filled with a great variety of furniture and ornaments which the Captain had picked up by sea and land.

This parlour and the room above had been furnished, decorated, and ornamented for the future mistress of Captain ABNER's household, and he was ready to dedicate them to her service whenever he should be so lucky as to find her. So far, as he sometimes expressed himself, he had not had a chance to sing out "There she blows!"

One afternoon, when Captain ABNER was engaged in dusting the ornaments in the parlour, his good friend, SAMUEL TWITTY, stood in the doorway and accosted him. SAM TWITTY had been mate to Captain ABNER, and as he had always been accustomed to stand by his Captain, he stood by him when he left the sea for the land, and although they did not live in the same house, they were great cronies, and were always ready to stand by each other, no matter what happened. SAM's face and figure were distinguished by a pleasant plumpness; he was two or three years the junior of Captain ABNER, and his slippered feet were very flat upon the ground. He held his pipe behind his back in such a position that it hung over the right half of the hallway. A pipe in the married part of the house was never allowed.

"SAM," said Captain ABNER, "you've hove in sight jes' at the right minute, for I'm kind o' puzzled. Here's this conch-shell, which is the biggest I ever seed, and a 'king conch,' at that, which you know, SAM, is the finest kind there is, and I can't make up my mind whether she'd like it here, in the middle of the mantelpiece, or whether she'd like to have that gilded idol here, where it would be the fust thing she'd see when she came into the room. Sometimes I'm inclined in the way of the heathen idol, and sometimes in the way of the king conch-shell. And how am I to know which she'd like? What do you think about it?"

"Well now, Cap'n ABNER," said SAM, his head cocked a little to one side, "that's a pretty hard question to answer, considerin' I don't know who she is, and what kind o' taste she's got. But I'll tell you what I'd do, if I was you: I'd put that king conch-shell on the mantelpiece, or I'd put the gilded idol there, it wouldn't matter much which, and then I'd put the other one handy, so that when she fust come in, and you saw she didn't like whatever it was that was in the middlo of the mantelpiece, you could whip it off and put the other thing there, almost afore she knowed it."

"SAM," said Captain ABNER, "that's a real good rule to go by, and it looks to me as if it might fit other things besides gilded idols and conch-shells. And, now you're here, I'd like you to stay and take supper with me. I've got somethin' to tell you."

After the evening meal, which was prepared by Captain ABNER and his guest, who were both expert maritime cooks and

housekeepers, these two old friends sat down to smoke their pipes, the parlour door having been carefully shut.

"SAM," said the Captain, "I've got everything ready for her that I can think of. There isn't anything more she'd be likely to want, so now I'm goin' after her, and I'm goin' to start on Monday mornin'."

SAM TWITTY was astonished. He had had an idea that Captain ABNER would go on preparing for "her" to the end of his days, and it was a shock to him to hear that the work of preparation, in which he had been interested for so many years, and in which he had so frequently assisted, was now to be brought suddenly to a close.

"Ready!" he ejaculated. "I wouldn't have believed it if you hadn't told me yourself. And yet, come to think of it, I can't see for the life of me what else you can do for her."

"There ain't nothin' else," said ABNER, "and on Monday mornin' I'm settin' out to look for her."

"Do you go by land or by water?" asked SAM.

"Land," was the answer. "There ain't no chance of runnin' across her by sea."

"And how are you goin'? Walkin'?"

"No, Sir," said ABNER. "I'm goin' to hire a horse and a buggy. That's how I'm goin'."

"And where are you goin' to steer fust?" asked SAM.

"I'm goin' fust to Thompsonstown, and after I've took my observations there I'll fetch a compass and sail every which way, if need be. There's lots of people of all sorts in Thompsonstown, and I don't see why she shouldn't be one of them."

"No more do I," said SAM TWITTY. "I think it's more'n likely she'll be one of them."

Very early the next morning, almost before the first streaks of dawn, Captain ABNER was awakened by a voice under his window.

"Shipmate, ahoy!" said the voice, which was SAM TWITTY'S. In a moment ABNER'S head was out of the window.

"Cap'n ABNER," said SAM, "I'm goin' with you."

ABNER did not immediately answer, but presently he replied, "Look here, SAM TWITTY, you come around after breakfast and tell me that agin'."

Promptly after breakfast SAM appeared.

"Look here," said Captain ABNER, when they had lighted their morning pipes, "That ain't a bad notion of yourn. Somethin' might turn up when I'd want advice, and you might give me some like you gave me about the king conch-shell and the gilded idol. It ain't a bad idea; and as you say so, I'd like you to come along."

SAM did not reply with the alacrity that might have been expected of him. He puffed silently at his pipe, and gazed upon the ground. "You said you was goin' in a buggy," he remarked.

"Yes, that's what I'm expectin' to do."

"Then how am I to get back?" asked SAM. "A buggy holds only two."

"That's so," said ABNER. "I never thought of that."

"Look here, Cap'n," said SAM. "What do you say to a spring-wagon with seats for four, two in front and two behind?"

This suited Captain ABNER, and SAM went on to say, "There'll be another good thing about that; if you get her, and bring her back—"

"Which is what I'm goin' for, and intend to do."

"Then," continued Sam, "you two could sit on the back seat, and I could sit in front and drive."

"Did you ever drive, SAM?" asked Captain ABNER.

"Not yet, but I wouldn't mind larnin'."

"But you won't larn with me and her," said Captain ABNER.

"There's one thing I wouldn't like to see," continued SAM TWITTY, "and that's you and me settin' behind and her a-drivin'."

"There won't be none of that," said Captain ABNER. "That ain't my way."

On Monday morning the two friends started out for Thompsonstown, but considerable delay was occasioned at the livery-stable by certain pieces of advice which SAM TWITTY offered to Captain ABNER. In the first place, he objected to a good black horse which had been attached to the wagon, giving it as his opinion that that was too much like a funeral, and that a cheerful coloured horse would be much better adapted to a matrimonial expedition. A gray animal, slower than the black one, was then substituted, and SAM was quite satisfied. Then a great many things came into his mind in the way of provisions, and conveniences, which he thought it would be well to take on the voyage; and he even insisted upon rigging up an extension at the back of the wagon, on which her trunk could be carried on the home journey.

At last they got away, and as they drove slowly out of the little village not one of the inhabitants thereof knew anything about their intended journey, except that they were going to Thompsonstown, for Captain ABNER and SAM TWITTY would have as soon thought of boring a hole in the bottom of a boat in which they were to sail as of telling their neighbours that they were going to look for "her," and to bring her back in that spring wagon."

The old gray horse jogged very comfortably over the smooth road until a toll-gate was perceived near by.

"Now then, Cap'n," said SAM, as they drew up in front of the little house by the roadside, "whatever you pay here you ought to charge to the expense of gettin' her."

"That's so," said his companion; "but if she's all right, I ain't goin' to mind no tolls."

A pleasant-faced woman came to the door of the little house and stood, expectant, while Captain ABNER thrust his hand into his pocket.

"How much is it?" said he.

"It's ten cents," said she.

Then SAM TWITTY, who did not wish to sit silent, remarked that it was a fine day, and the toll-gate woman said that indeed it was. Captain ABNER was now looking at some small change in the palm of his hand.

"I ain't got ten cents," said he. "Here's only six, and I can't scrape up another copper. SAM, can you lend me four cents?"

SAM searched his pockets. "Haven't got it," said he. "Them little things we bought, jes' afore we started, cleaned me out of change."

"The same thing's happened to me, too," said ABNER; "so, Madam, I'll have to ask you to change a five-dollar note, which is the smallest I've got."

The toll-gate woman said she was very sorry, but, indeed, she had not five dollars in change, either at the toll-gate or in the house where she lived, back in a little garden. The day before she had had a good deal of change, but she had paid it all to the Company.

"Then what are we goin' to do?" asked SAM. "I suppose you won't let us go through without payin'."

The woman smiled, and shook her head. "I couldn't do that; it's against the rules. Sometimes when people come along and find they have nothin' to pay toll with, they go back and get the money somewhere. It's our rules, and if I broke them I might lose my place."

"Which we wouldn't think of makin' you do," remarked SAM.

"But that's a thing I can't do," said Captain ABNER. "I can't turn round and go back. If the folks knew I had turned back because I couldn't pay toll I'd never hear the end of it."

"That's so," agreed SAM. "It would never do to go back."

The toll-gate woman stood and looked at them and smiled. She was a cheerful personage, not inclined to worry over the misfortunes of her fellow-beings.

"Isn't there any place near here where I could get a note changed?" asked ABNER.

"I can't say," answered the toll-gate woman. "I don't believe any of the houses along the road has got five dollars in change inside of them. But if you are not in a hurry, and wouldn't mind waitin', it's as like as not that somebody will be along that's got five dollars in change."

Then up spoke SAM TWITTY. "Do you and your husband live here and keep the toll-gate, ma'am?"

The woman looked as though she thought the plump person a little inquisitive, but she smiled and answered, "My husband used to keep the toll-gate, but since he died I've kept it."

Captain ABNER looked troubled. "I don't mind so much waitin' myself," said he, "but it's the horse I'm thinkin' about. I promised I'd have him fed at twelve o'clock sharp, every day I have him. He's used to it, and I don't want him givin' out afore I'm through with him."

"When horses is used to bein' fed at regular times," said the toll-gate woman, "they do show it if they don't get fed at them times. But if you don't mind, I've got a little stable back here, and some corn, and if you choose to drive your horse into the yard and give him a feed, I'll charge you jes' what anybody else would. And while he's feedin' most likely somebody'll come along that's got five dollars in change."

For some minutes SAM TWITTY had not said a word, but now he most earnestly advised his friend to accept this offer, and jumping to the ground he hurried to open the gate so that Captain ABNER might drive in. ABNER had not yet made up his mind upon the subject, but, as SAM stood there by the open gate, he drove in.

"Look here!" exclaimed SAM, as they stood by the stable door. "This is a jolly good go! Did you take notice of that toll-gate woman? She's tip-top to look at. Did you see how clean she is, and what a nice way of smilin', and a good deal of red in her cheeks, too, and jes' about old enough, I should say, if I was called upon? And, more than that, I should say, judgin' from what I seen of her, she's as likely to be as accommodatin' as any person I ever did see, that I had seed for so short a time. I jes' put her into my mind goin' into your parlour and sayin' that conch shells was jes' what she liked on mantelpieces. And I could put her in jes' as well with the gilded idol."

"You seem to do a lot of thinkin' in a mighty short time," said ABNER; "but what's all that got to do with anything?"

"Do!" exclaimed SAM. "It's got lets to do. Why wouldn't

she be a good one for 'her'? I don't believe you'd find a better one in Thompsonstown."

"SAM TWITTY!" exclaimed ABNER, rather testily, "what are you talkin' about? Do you suppose I'd paint and paper, and clean up and furnish one side of my house for her, and start out on a week's cruise to look for her, and then take and put in her place, and give everything I've been gettin' for her for so many years to the fust woman I meet, and she a toll-gate woman at that?"

"Now, I tell you, Cap'n," said SAM, as he assisted in taking the horse out of the wagon, "don't you go and miss a chance. Here's a fust-rate woman, with red cheeks and mighty pretty hair, and a widow, too. Even if you don't take her now, it's my advice that you look at her sharp with the idea that, if things don't turn out in Thompsonstown as you'd like them to, it'd be mighty comfortin' to you to be pickin' her up on your way back."

When Captain ABNER and SAM returned from the stable, they looked up and down the far-stretching road, and then, at the invitation of the toll-gate woman, they seated themselves on a bench at the back of the toll-house.

"It isn't a very good time for people to be passin'," said she. "Not many folks is on the road between twelve and one. They're generally feedin' themselves and their horses; but if you can make yourselves comfortable here in the shade, I don't think you'll have to wait very long. I'll jes' step in and see if my dinner's cooked. There ain't nobody in sight."

SAM TWITTY rubbed his hands together. "In my opinion," said he, "that woman is a fust-class housekeeper."

In a very few minutes she returned. "If you two don't mind," said she, "I can give you your dinner here at the same price you'd have to pay anywhere else. I always cook a lot on Mondays, so that I can have something cold for the rest of the week. It's on the table now, and you can go in and wait on yourselves."

SAM gave a quick glance at ABNER. "You go in with her," said he, "and eat your dinner. I'm not hungry, and I'll wait out here and keep the toll-gate. Afterwards, I'll get a bite."

The toll-gate woman smiled. "Perhaps it would be better for me to go in and wait on one of you at a time, but I don't think it's likely there'll be anybody passin'."

ABNER did not object. He was hungry, and he followed the toll-gate woman into her house. SAM TWITTY made a motion as if he would dance a little in his slippers.

"That's jes' like runnin' across a dead whale what's expired of too much fat. All you've got to do is to cut it up and try it down. The fust thing that Cap'n ABNER does is to run into a widow woman that'll suit him, I believe, better than anybody he'll meet, if he cruises around Thompsonstown for a month."

SAM sat down on the bench and pictured things in his mind; he took the toll-gate woman all over Captain ABNER's house, even to the unmarried part, and everywhere he saw her the same bright-cheeked, pleasant, smiling woman she was here in her own house. These pictures pleased him so much that he withdrew his senses from the consideration of everything else, and therefore it was he did not hear wheels on the road, and was awakened from his pleasant dreams by a voice outside the door. He bounced to his feet, and entered the toll-house.

(Continued in our next.)